

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & BRO., Editors and Owners.

TWENTIETH YEAR.

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PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1900

Our Pleasure Vehicles!

Persons who contemplate the purchase of a pleasure vehicle of any kind, will find a desirable line to select from at my warehouse. We have sold a number of handsome wagons and traps and all have given satisfaction. Of course, we sell almost everything that runs on wheels.

Don't think of buying until you see my line and get my prices.

J. SIMMS WILSON.



BEST
ON EARTH,
IS THE
HANAN SHOE!

If you have made up your mind to buy good Shoes, why not buy a pair of Hanan Shoes? There is but one thing to do—investigate the Hanan Shoe, and you will admit it has no equal. Perfect Workmanship, Perfect Style, Perfect Comfort, Perfect Durability, Fully Guaranteed. Fall styles made in Enamel Vici Kid, Velvet Calf, Patent Vici; Widths, B to E. Have the exclusive sale for this city.

GEO. McWILLIAMS.

Sensation in Footwear! Queen Quality



The famous shoes for women, have excited a profound interest. Handsome, stylish, serviceable, they are made in styles to suit every use and occasion. They fit perfectly, are delightfully easy, and are up-to-date in every particular. Don't fail to see this line.



Ideal Patent Kid.
SEE THAT THIS
Queen Quality
TRADE MARK
IS BRANDED
ON EVERY
SHOE.
Mat Kid Top.
Light Sole.
High Military Heel.

PARIS CASH SHOE STORE.
COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

Impressions By The Way.

The fortnight which the passenger spends on an ocean liner in making the Eastward and Westward trip across the Atlantic is well worth the time and the price, when the physical benefit, pleasure and seasickness are considered. The sea breeze is very invigorating and gives the passenger a wonderful appetite—if he or she doesn't happen to be seasick. On the Eastward trip of the S. S. New York the ocean was so smooth that scarcely twenty of the eight hundred passengers were seasick. The doctors say that a little seasickness is good for a fellow—or a woman-being kind of an internal Spring cleaning. A very little of it, however, is sufficient to satisfy the average person. On the Westward trip almost half of the passengers were sick on two different days, half the passengers leaving the dinner table one evening. When one promenades while the vessel is rolling he appears suddenly to be walking up-hill and instantly he feels the deck sink under him. It is the upward movement which makes one feel like giving up hope—and supper. Having the good fortune to escape seasickness in the trips over the Atlantic and the two trips over the English Channel, I had many opportunities to study the afflicted passengers at all stages of the game. Some of the girls fought bravely against it, one little woman in gray walking at least ten miles on deck to stave it off, only to give up gracefully at last. Seasickness is no joke, however, though there is considerable "gag" about it.

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Two concerts were given on the S. S. New York in way of social diversion on her Westward trip, both being largely attended, many of the passengers being in full evening dress. Another amusement on the New York was a tug-of-war one day between the teams of men from the first and second cabin passengers. The prize was a handsome cake and Senator Chauncey Depew was the referee. The second cabin men won and in presenting the prize Mr. Depew remarked that he observed that the men with a "pull" always "took the cake." An Englishman who received the cake for the second cabin team said that he knew little about the American "pull," but he did know that they landed the cake—for he had it in his hand. He then paid Senator Depew a compliment, assuring him that no American name was more honored now in England than Depew.

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The S. S. New York on her Westward trip had one seasick passenger who was comical enough to make the angels laugh. He was one of Cook's excursionists and hailed from the West. Being taken sick on deck he hurried below to a saloon where he rushed in between a portly German and another suffering mortal. All three were sick and were not keeping it secret. The Western man was tall and lank and lean. Tears flowed from his eyes and his nose and mouth were both leaking. Looking a perfect picture of despair he turned his head a moment to remark "Blankity blank, blank, blank, blank, I took this for a pleasure trip, and here's what I got."

**

A voyage across the Atlantic begins to grow a trifle monotonous after the third day—the scenery is just the same all the way, you know. If the sky is clear the water will be as blue as indigo all day, but if clouds obscure the sun the water looks black or dark green. Persons who have not "crossed" before find much interest in watching the water and looking for sharks, whales, dolphins, etc., the first two days, and then they find diversion in scan-

ning the horizon for passing vessels, and playing cards and "shuffle-board" for two or three days. It seems almost a day between breakfast and luncheon and another day until dinner. The last two days pass slowly, with everybody in a good humor. On the morning of the last day every passenger comes on deck carefully dressed and smiling, each one eager to catch the first glimpse of land. And how dear that first bit of land seems, whether it's your native land or not! Then comes the hustle of getting the mail bags and luggage in place for unloading, and the anxiety to get ashore.

Before an ocean liner can land in New York she must report at quarantine in the lower bay, and must also transfer important mail to a government boat. Then the custom house officers board the vessel in the lower harbor, and every passenger must declare his or her nationality to an official. Then passengers are required to form lines and pass before custom officials and declare if they have anything dutiable in their baggage—if they have any clothing, diamonds, or presents. If one declares that he has thirty dollars worth of presents or souvenirs he must pay duty on that amount. These statements are made under oath, which the passenger signs. The officer retains your declaration and gives you a check to correspond with the number of it. When the boat finally makes fast to the pier the passengers are landed in the second story of the custom house and no person can leave until his baggage has been inspected. Passengers form in line and advance to the leading official who details an inspector to look through your baggage. Some times they turn things topsy turvy in your baggage, and again they will only ask what you have. My inspector, with my declaration in his hand, checked up my souvenirs until he had the amount declared and then invited me to walk up and pay my duty. The duty was half the cost of the trifles, and it was a beautiful illustration of the tariff. This experience consumes from one to two hours before you are free to leave the house. Four custom houses in England and France charged me not a cent duty and the loss of time was trifling. Many passengers make no declaration in New York and get through free but they take dangerous risks. In this case honesty is the best policy but it is rather expensive.

W. C.

Any advertised dealer is authorized to guarantee Banner Salve for tetter, eczema, piles, sprains, cuts, scalds, burns, ulcers and open or old sore. Clarke & Kenney.

I beg to inform the public that I am a constant buyer for cash of old Life Insurance policies, including endowment, ordinary life, tontine or distributions—paying on paid up.

Hugh Montgomery.

Paris, Ky.

THE L. & N. excursion to Natural Bridge Sunday passes Paris at 9:40 a.m. Round-trip, \$1.50.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

Brief Paragraphs About Important Happenings.

George R. Wendling will lecture in Mt. Sterling, October 18th, on "Stone-wall Jackson."

John Harris Stone, the fourteen-year-old son of Hon. Sam Stone, of Louisville died Tuesday of appendicitis.

Joseph Clark, of the firm of Pearson & Clark, died Tuesday in Lexington. He was worth \$250,000.

Wm. Herbert, an Owen county farmer refused to pay for the drinks in Louisville Tuesday and a hanger-on cut off his flowing red whiskers, the pride of forty years cultivation.

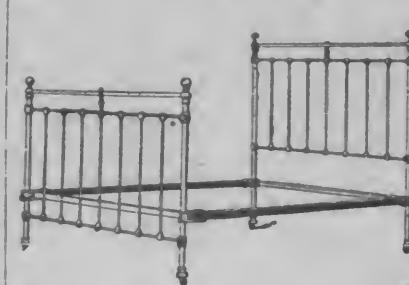
W. E. Mitchell and son, of Boyle, have been indicted for dynamiting fish in Dick's river.

We are prepared to paint buggies, carriages, etc., in first class style, at reasonable prices.

E. J. MCKIMEY & SON.

Cincinnati's Fall Festival.

Visitors to Cincinnati's Fall Festival should decide before starting the hotel most likely to please them as a temporary home. The convenience of location, accessibility and excellence of accommodations and table the Palace Hotel, cor. Sixth & Vine & College Streets is without a rival at the rates, two to three dollars per day, American plan. One block north of Fountain Square, where all street car lines start, and the nearest large hotel to Music Hall, makes it the most central in the city. The Palace does the largest transient hotel business in Cincinnati. It is the coolest and best ventilated hotel in the city. Electric fans in dining room. Try it and become one of its many influential friends.



Cut
Prices!

IRON BEDS!

Having purchased a large stock, we will now give you ROCK BOTTOM prices. If you call at our store and look for yourself you will be convinced. Also a nice line of Misses Rockers. They are selling fast. Come and get one. Don't let this Sale slip. This is for ten days only.

A. F. WHEELER'S

NEW FURNITURE STORE,

NEXT DOOR TO HOTEL WINDSOR,

PARIS, KY.

GET
READY



For the pretty weather
which is due here now.
We have anticipated
its arrival and secured a
line of

Ladies' Low Cut Shoes,

Which are the handsomest to be seen anywhere, and which excell in comfort and durability anything we have ever offered the trade. Many different styles, enough to fit any foot or taste. Call early and get choice in style and fit.

DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.

NORTHERN SEED WHEAT,

SEED RYE,

NEW TIMOTHY SEED.

S. BRENT & BRO.

GREAT OPENING!
BARGAIN SALE IN
Dry Goods, Notions and Shoes!

My new store room is near completion, and I will move October 1, and give a three-days' Opening Sale on Oct. 9, 10 and 11, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

You will find my stock new, fresh and up-to-date. You will find everything that comprises an up-to-date Dry Goods Store.

I will have on display one of the best and largest lines of Jackets, Caps and Furs that was ever shown in Paris. Prices within reach of every one.

I have also put in a full up-to-date line of Dress Goods.

You will also find unusual bargains in Outings, Percales, Ready-to-Wear, Skirts, Blankets, Table Linens, Ginghams, Flannel, Wool and Silk Shirt Waists, Com- forts, Etc.

My line of Ladies', Children and Men's Shoes will be of the latest styles. A fresh, new, up-to-date line, at prices that can not be beaten.

We earnestly request you to come and inspect our Stock during this Three-Days' Sale, whether you buy or not.

SOUVENIRS—Something nice will be given away the first day of the Sale.

Respectfully,

HARRY SIMON,
CASH DRY GOODS STORE,

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

TAKE HEART.

Though fearful storms have swept in wrath
About thy toilsome, rugged path,
And thou hast ofttimes been cast down
And sore dismayed by Fortune's frown.
O weary man; once more take heart.

The storm is followed by the calm.
And winter gales by airs of balm.
Dark night gives place to sun-bright day;
Let Hope still cheer thee on thy way,
Beyond the cloud still shines the sun;
Press on until thy work is done.

Perchance thou many times hast failed,
Some weakness over thee prevailed,
And thou hast faltered in the strife
And sadly rued thy blighted life;
Though great thy grief and keen thy pain
O weary one, take heart again!

Dwell not upon thy mournful past.
Arise, and for thy right stand fast;
Be strong and brave, fold not thy hands;
For thee still flows life's golden sands;
To better things sweet voices call
But God in love rules over all.

—John Allen Gulford. In Boston Transcript.



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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Reassuring as he meant his words to be, Marshall Dean himself looked anxiously about at the unprotected walls. Not even the customary "dug-out" or underground refuge seemed to have been prepared. Almost every homestead, big or little, of those days, had its tunnel from the cellar to a dugout near at hand, stocked with provisions and water and provided with loopholes commanding the neighborhood, and herein the besieged could take refuge and stand off the Indians until help should come from the nearest fort. "The name of Folsom is our safeguard," said Mrs. Hal, in her happy honeymoon days, but that was before the mother told her of the threats of Burning Star or the story of the Ogallala girl he vainly loved. "All that happened so long ago," she inquired, when at last the tale was told. But Hal should have known, if she did not, that even when it seems to sleep Indian vengeance is but gaining force and fury.

Presently Mrs. Hal came tripping forth again, a little carte de visite in her hand, a smile of no little significance on her lips. "Now, Mr. Dean, will you tell me what you think of that for a pappoose?"

And with wonderment in his eyes the young officer stood and held it and gazed.

There stood Pappoose, to be sure, what a change! The little maiden with the dark braids of hair hanging far below her waist had developed into a tall slender girl, with clear-cut oval face, crowned by a mass of dark tresses. Her heavy, low-arching brows spanned the thoughtful deep, dark-brown eyes that seemed to speak the soul within and the beautiful face was lighted up with a smile that showed just a peep of faintless white teeth, gleaming through the warm curves of her soft, sensitive lips. The form was exquisitely rounded, yet supple and erect.

"Isn't Jessie written you of how Nell has grown and improved?" said Mrs. Hall with a woman's quick note of the admiration and surprise in Dean's regard.

"She must have," was the answer, "I'm sure she has, but perhaps I thought it schoolgirl rhapsody—perhaps I had too many other things to think of."

"Perhaps you'll find it superseding these too many other things, Mr. Soldier Boy," was Mrs. Hall's mental comment. "Now, sir, if you've gazed enough perhaps you'll tell me your plans," and she stretched forth a reclining hand.

But he hung on to the pledge. "It's me that I'm to please. It's the loveliest thing I've seen in months."

And, studying his absorbed face, she yielded, her eyebrows arching, a pretty smile of feminine triumph about her lips, and neither noticed the non-commissioned officer hurrying within the gate, nor that half the men in "C" troop at their bivouac along the stream were on their feet and gazing to northeast, that far down the valley a horseman was speeding like the wind, that little puffs of smoke were rising from the crests of the grand landmark of the range and floating into the blue of the heavens. Both started to their feet at the abrupt announcement.

"Lieutenant, there are smoke signals on Lar'mie Peak."

CHAPTER VII.

Lieut. Dean's orders required that he should march his troop without unnecessary delay to Fort Emory, there to take station relieving troop F, ordered to change to Frayne, which meant, in so many words, to take the field. Capt. Brooks, still wrestling with the fever, had retired to his quarters at the old frontier fort that stood so long on the bluffs overlooking the fords of the Platte. The surgeon said he must remain in bed at least a week, so meantime the troop packed up, sent its wagons ahead over the range, rode God speed to F as it passed through en route to the front, exchanged a volley of chaff and chewing tobacco over the parting game of "freeze out" fought to a finish on many an outspread saddle blanket, then jogged on toward Gate City, walking wide detour at the sug-

gestion of the field officer in command at Frayne, that they might scout the Laramie plains and see that all was well at Folsom's ranch. This detour was duly reported to the peppy veteran at Fort Emory, an old colonel whose command was by this time reduced from "headquarters, field, staff and band," six companies of infantry and four troops of cavalry to the band and two desperately over-worked companies of foot. "Two nights in bed" were all his men could hope for, and sometimes no more than one, so grievous was the guard duty. Hence "old Pecksniff," his adjutant and quartermaster and his two remaining companies saw fit to take it as most unkind in Lieut. Col. Ford to authorize that diversion of Dean's, and highly improper on Dean's part to attempt it. By this time, too, there was in circulation at Emory a story that this transfer of C to interior lines and away from probable contact with the Sioux was not so much that it had done far more than its share of that arduous work, completely using up its captain, as that, now the captain was used up, the authorities had their doubts as to the "nerve" of the lieutenant in temporary command. A fellow who didn't care to come to Emory and preferred rough duty up along the Platte must be lacking in some essential particular, thought the women folk, and at the very moment that Marshall Dean sat there at Hal Folsom's ranch, as brave and hardy and capable a young officer as ever forded the Platte, looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to those days to come at Emory, with Jessie—Jessie and, of course, Pappoose—so close at hand in town, there was gaining ground at the post an impression that the safety of the board of officers sent to choose the site of the new Big Horn post had been imperiled by Dean's weakening at a critical moment in presence of a band of probably hostile Sioux. Burleigh had plainly intimated as much to his chief clerk and Col. Stevens, and when Loring and Stone came through a day or two later and questions were asked about that meeting, the aid-de-camp gave it as distinctly to be understood that he had practically assumed command, and his own prompt measures had extricated the little detachment from a most delicate and dangerous position. The engineer, let it be said, did not hear this statement, and the aid was very careful not to make it in his presence. He was a comparative stranger, and as no one presumed to question him he volunteered no information.

Planning to bivouac until dawn of the next day at Folsom's, Dean had then intended to reach Fort Emory in three easy marches. He was anxious to bring his horses in best possible condition, despite all their hard service; yet now, barely two o'clock on this hot June afternoon, came most unlooked-for, most importunate interruption to his plans. Springing to the gate at the sergeant's summons, he first directed his gaze to the distant peaks, recognizing instantly the nature of the smoke puffs there rising, then turned for explanation to the swift-riding courier, whose horse's heels were making the dust fly from the sun-dried soil. One or two ranch hands, with anxious faces, came hastening over from the corral. The dark cook rushed up from the kitchen, rifle in hand. Plainly those fellows were well used to war alarms. Mrs. Folsom, with staring eyes and dreadful anxiety in her face, gazed only at the hurrying courier, clinging to the while at the pillar of the portico, as though needing support. The smoke puffs on the mountain, the dust-cloud back of the tearing rider were sympathetic all about it in boy days—days when the soldiers and the Sioux were all good friends, days before the mistaken



He waved a ragged object on high.

policy of a post commander had led to an attack upon a peaceful band, and that to the annihilation of the attacking party. From that fatal day of the Grattan massacre ten years before, there had been no real truce with the Sioux, and now was opportunity afforded for a long-plotted revenge. Dean wondered Folsom had not looked for it instead of sleeping in fancied security.

A mile nearer the butte and, glancing back, he could see his faithful men come bounding in his tracks. A mile ahead, rising abruptly from the general level, a little knoll or butte jutted out beyond the shoulders of the foothills and stood sentinel within three hundred yards of the stream. On the near—the westward-side, nothing could be seen of horse or man. Something told him he would find the combatants beyond—that dead or alive, Hal Folsom would be there awaiting him. A glance at the commanding heights and the ridge that connected it with the tumbling, wooded hills to the north, convinced him that at that moment some of the foe were lurking there, watching the westward valley, and by this time they knew full well of the coming of the cavalry to the rescue. By this time, more than likely, they reached the guiding hand and bore, each, his soldier on his back, the quicker would vanish the common foe. Even before the panting steed of the headlong courier came within hailing distance of the ranch, half the horses in the troop were caught and the bits were rattling between their teeth; then, as the messenger tore along the gentle slope that led to the gateway, his wearied horse laboring painfully at the rise, Mrs. Folsom recognized one of her husband's herdsmen, a man who had lived long years in Wyoming and could be unmasked by no false alarm, and her voice went up in a shriek of fear as she read the tidings in his almost ghastly face.

"Where is Hal?" she screamed. "Oh, what has happened?"

"He's safe," was the answering call, as the rider waved a reassuring hand, but at the instant he bent low. "Thank God, you're here, lieutenant," he gasped. "Mount quick. Hal's corralled two miles out there under the butte—Sioux!" And then they saw that he was swooning, that the blood was streaming down the left thigh and leg, and before hand could help him, he rolled senseless, doubled up in the chasm at his horse's feet, and the weary creature never even started.

"Saddle up, men!" rang the order across the stream. And then while strong arms lifted and bore the wounded herdsman to the porch, Dean turned to the wailing mistress, who, white-faced and terror-stricken, was wringing her hands and moaning and running wildly up and down the walk and calling for some one to go and save her husband. Dean almost bore her to a chair and bade her fear nothing. He and his men would lose not a moment. On the floor at her feet lay the little card photograph, and Dean, hardly thinking what he did, stooped, picked it up and placed it in the pocket of his hunting shirt, just as the trumpeter on his plunging gray reached the gate. Dean's big, handsome charger trotting swiftly alongside. In an instant the lieutenant was in saddle, in another second a trooper galloped up with his belt and carbine. Already the men were leading into line across the stream, and, bidding the trumpeter tell Sergt. Shangnessy to follow at speed, the young officer struck spur to his horse and, carbine in hand, a single trooper at his heels, away he darted down the valley. C troop, splashing through the ford a moment later, took the direct road past the stockade of the corral, disappeared from sight a moment behind that wooden fortification and, when next it hove in view, it was galloping front to line far down the Laramie, then once more vanished behind its curtain of dust.

"Two miles out there under the butte," was the only indication the young officer had of the scene of the fight, for fight he knew it must be, and even as he went bounding down the valley he recalled the story of the Indian girl, the threats of Burning Star, the vowed vengeance of her brothers. Could it be that, taking advantage of this raid of Red Cloud, far from all the reservations, far from possibility of detection by count of prying agents, the three had induced a gang of daring, devil-may-care young warriors to slip away from the Big Horn with them and, riding stealthily away from the beaten trails, to ford the Platte beyond the ken of watchful eyes at Peeterman and sneak through the mountain range to the beautiful, fertile valley beyond, and there lie in wait for Hal Folsom or for those he loved? What was to prevent? Well they knew the exact location of his ranch. They had fished and sported all about it in boy days—days when the soldiers and the Sioux were all good friends, days before the mistaken

far enough to be an easy prey for the lurking foe. Then, too, it occurred to him that he must not leave the ranch unprotected. Already he was within long rifle range of the height; already probably some bead eye was glancing through the sights, and the deadly tube was covering him as he came bounding on. Three hundred yards more and his life probably wouldn't be worth a dollar in confederate money, and wisely the young leader began to draw rein, and turning in saddle, signaled to his single companion, laboring along one hundred yards behind, to hasten to join him. Presently the trooper came spurting up a swarthy young German, but though straining every nerve, the trooper was still a mile away.

"Ride back, Wegner, and tell the sergeant to take ten men around that side—the south side of the bluff," and he pointed with his hand; "the rest to come straight to me."

Oh, well was it for Dean that he checked his speed, and as the young dragoon went sputtering back, that he himself drew rein and waited for the coming of his men. Suddenly from far out along the ridge in front, from the very crest, there leaped a jet of fire and smoke. Two little spurts of dust and turf flew up from the prairie sod a dozen yards in front, a rifle bullet went singing off through the sunny air. Rabb, his handsome bay, pawed the ground and switched about, and up on the crest, riding boldly in full view, two little naked, painted warriors, war bonnets trailing over their ponies' crests, yelling shrill insults and derision, went tearing away northward, one of them pausing long enough to wave some ragged object in high and give out ringing, exultant whoop ere he disappeared from view.

"It's a scalp, Lieutenant," shouted the foremost sergeant as he came up to join his chief. "They've got one, anyhow."

"Come on, then, and we'll get it back," was the only answer, as with nearly thirty troopers strung out behind them, the two launched out in chase.

[To Be Continued.]

QUIETED THE INDIANS.

Bishop Whipple's Method of Subduing Refractory and Rebellious Braves.

Most interesting is Bishop Whipple's account of the manner in which he once prevented an Indian outbreak, says H. B. Merwin, in Atlantic. "Courteousness of speech," he says, "is a marked characteristic of the Indian. It is an act of great rudeness to interrupt another, and the last words of every speech are: 'I have done.' Knowledge of this fact once enabled me to settle a serious difficulty. The Indians at Leech Lake had heard—as was the fact—that the government had sold all their pine without their knowledge and consent." An uprising was imminent, and the Indians had already killed the government cattle. Bishop Whipple was requested by the president to go to Leech Lake and negotiate with the Indians. "It was in the dead of winter, the thermometer below zero, and the snow deep. It was a journey of 75 miles through the forest, and it took us three days to reach the lake. The Indians came to their council in paint and feathers, angry and turbulent." Flatmouth, their chief, made a violent speech, to which the bishop replied briefly, as follows: "I shall tell you the truth. It will not be pleasant to my red brother. When you killed those cattle, you struck the Great Father in the face. When you stole those goods, you committed a crime. I am not here to tell you what the Great Father will do. He has not told me. If he does what he ought to do, we will arrest those who have committed this crime, if it takes 10,000 men."

"As I expected," the bishop relates, "the chief was very angry, and springing to his feet, began to talk violently. I folded my arms and sat down. When he paused, I said quietly: 'Flatmouth, are you talking, or am I talking?' If you are talking, I will wait till you have finished; if I am talking, you may wait till I have finished.' The Indians all shouted: 'Ho! ho!' Their chief had committed a great breach of courtesy toward me, their friend."

"Overwhelmed with confusion, Flatmouth sat down, and I knew that the ground was mine. I then told them that when I heard of the pine sale I wrote to Washington and protested against it; that I went to the man who bought the pine, and told him that I should oppose the sale and carry the matter into the courts."

"With 'or without the coveted scalps?' he wondered. Thus far he had been riding straight for the butte. The road wound around and disappeared behind him, but there was no sense in following the road. 'Pursue and punish,' was the thing to be done. Surely not more than a dozen were in the band, else that courier could never have hoped to get in, wounded as he was. The Indians were too few in number to dare follow to the ranch, guarded as, by almost God-given luck, it happened to be through the unlooked-for presence of the troops. No, it was a small band, though a daring one. Its lookout had surely warned it by this time of his coming, and by this time, too, all save one or two who rode the fleetest ponies and lingered probably for a parting shot at the foremost of the chase, had scampered away behind the curtain of that ridge. Therefore, in a long curve, never checking his magnificent stride, Dean guided his bounding bay to the left—the north-east—and headed for the lowest point of the divide.

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Summer Excursions

The Queen & Crescent

Route forms close connection at Cincinnati with the great trunk lines—Pennsylvania Lines, G. R. & I., Big 4 Route, C. H. & D., C. & O. and Erie railways, handling through traffic expeditiously to all summer resorts of the North.

Special Low Excursion Rates

Are now in effect daily from all points South over the Queen & Crescent via Cincinnati, to

Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Put-In-Bay, Petoskey, Mackinac and all other summer resting places on

Mountain, Lake and Seashore

A New Ticket to Mackinac.

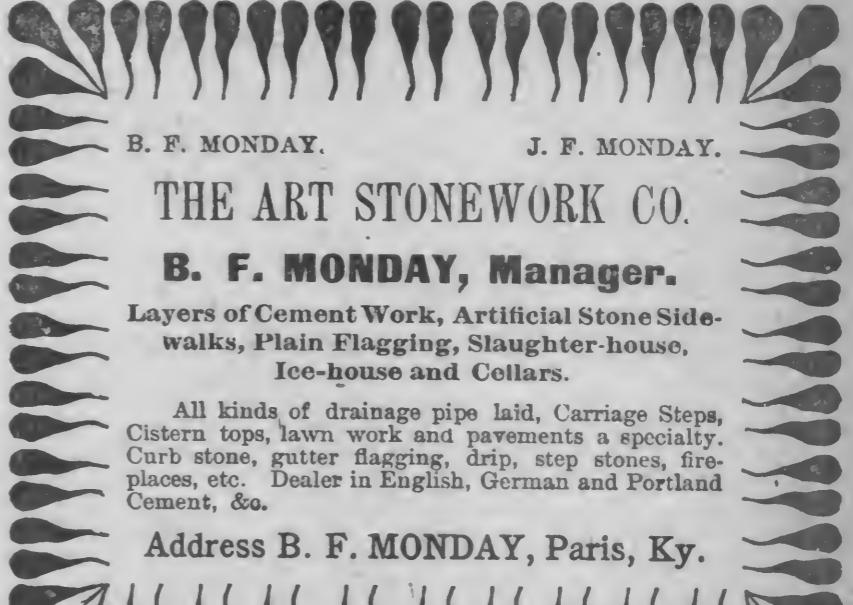
You can buy a ticket to Mackinac now, at excursion rates, that will take you to Chicago, thence by the pleasure steamer Manitou to Mackinac, returning via D. & C. steamer to Toledo or Detroit and C. H. & D. Ry. to Cincinnati (or the reverse). A finer summer trip was never offered.

The famous resorts of the South are also open now. The season at Rock Castle Springs, Ky., Cumberland Falls, Ky. and Rhea Springs, Tenn., promises to be the most successful ever known.

Queen & Crescent trains are palaces of travel. Through Pullman sleepers daily on all southern lines. Parlor, observation and chair cars from Chattanooga, Rome and Atlanta on day trains. Fire-decking chairs from Chattanooga on night trains. Free schedules, perfect track. "No smoke, no dust, no cinders."

Send for free information as to summer resorts and Queen & Crescent service to O. L. Mitchell, D. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn., or call upon your ticket agent.

W. J. MURPHY, General Manager. W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent. CINCINNATI.



5c. "DAVIS' SELECT" 5c.

Old smokers say "DAVIS' SELECT" are the best nickel Cigars that can be built for the money." "The smoke that satisfies." "The embodiment of perfection." "They steady the nerves and aid digestion." "Can't tell them from a cent cigar," etc.

This popular Cigar now on sale at G. S. VARDEN CO.'S and JAMES FEE & SON'S.

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" and "REPEATER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

UNIFORMITY, RELIABILITY AND STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Twentieth Year—Established 1881.]

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners.

SWIFT CHAMP,

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President,
HON. W. J. BRYAN,
of Nebraska.For Vice President,
ADLAI STEVENSON,
of Illinois.For Congress,
W. B. MOODY,
of Henry County.For Governor,
J. C. W. BECKHAM,
of Bardstown.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

JAILED.

We are authorized to announce Wm. C. Dodson as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Geo. W. Judy as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. H. Boone as a candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Wm. B. Nickels as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Sam'l T. James as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Frank Duvall, of Ruddles Mills, will be my deputy.

ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce W. B. Pinckard as a candidate for Assessor of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Harry Hieber, of Paris, as a candidate for Assessor of Bourbon County, with Henry L. Caywood, of North Middletown, as deputy, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Chas. Pedder as a candidate for the office of Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party. If elected, my deputy will be W. G. McClintock.

Election Bills Reported.

The Senate yesterday discussed the majority and minority reports on the election bills agreed upon, and both were ordered printed.

Gov. Beckham issued a supplementary message to allow the Legislature to consider the Senate resolution to continue the stenographers to the Court of Appeals.

Political News.

Gov. Beckham and ex-Gov. McCreary addressed 7,000 people at Mayfield. That night they spoke at Paducah where they were heard by 8,000 people. The Mayfield meeting was the largest ever held in Graves county. Both meetings were marked by the greatest enthusiasm.

Editor Westover, of Williamstown, has withdrawn from the Congressional race in the Sixth district, leaving Berry, Rhinebeck and Gooch to make a three-cornered race. The primary occurs tomorrow.

The prohibition campaign train has started on its tour of Western States.

Claude Desha speaks Monday afternoon at Carlisle, and Congressman Chas. Wheeler speaks there Tuesday.

Hanna will go on the stump the last week in the campaign.

MILLERSBURG.

Mr. Tice Hinsell, of Cincinnati, is the guest of relatives here.

Dr. W. M. Miller is still quite ill. Chas. Chancelor is better.

Connell Bros. shipped a car of mixed cattle Tuesday to Cincinnati.

Messrs. Frank and Dwight Bowden, of Paris, visited here Wednesday.

Miss Mary Mann is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Jo Maitel at Blue Licks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Metcalf are guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ball. Robt. Tarr let out thirty-four 1,100-lb steers to be fed at \$5.25 to Robt. Hughes.

Geo. Stoker sold eighteen 1,000-lb steers to James K. Ford at \$4.50 per cwt.

Miss Ada Garner, guest of Mrs. C. B. Smith returned to Winchester yesterday.

BORN.—Yesterday to the wife of H. H. Phillips, nee Milam, a son—first born.

Mrs. Shoptaw, of Paris, Ill., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Shoptaw, near town.

Mr. E. P. Gamble and family have returned from several months stay in Michigan.

Mrs. Robert Rankin, of Cincinnati, is visiting her parents a id o her relatives here.

Dr. Wm. P. Savage has returned to Cincinnati, after a week's visit to his parents here.

Miss Lizzie Murphy, of Russellville, is the guest of her cousin, T. E. Savage and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Kader Allen and son, of Winchester, are guests of his mother, Mrs. Nancy Allen.

Elder G. W. Nutter will leave next week to hold a protracted meeting at Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Mr. E. P. Clarke has gone to Pleas, Mo., to see his sister, Mrs. Lucy Robertson, who is very ill.

Mrs. John R. Earl and two bright little children, of Paducah, are guests of Mrs. Hettie Brown and friends.

Dr. J. S. Coleman, of Frankfort, and Miss Sadie Kohl, of Fort Worth, Texas, are guests of Mrs. John Janssen.

Will N. Clarke bought twenty-five grade yearling heifers from Richard Faulkner, of Williamstown, for \$17 each.

Miss Anna Woods and Miss Anna E. Bright, guests of Mrs. Sanford Allen, returned to Stanford and Danville Tuesday.

Rev. J. H. Williams, Prof. C. C. Fisher, Prof. C. M. Best and M. H. Current are attending Conference at Nicholasville.

Mr. James Arthur's old horse, White Stockings, died Tuesday, aged 34. He was owned by Mr. Arthur 28 years, and was neatly buried.

Capt. N. Haggie, of Atlanta, and Mr. Will Sain, of Orangefield, S. C., bought twenty-four extra good horses from S. C. Carpenter Wednesday.

Jones Bros. keep sliced ham, breakfast bacon, dried beef, side meat, chickens and all kinds of vegetables, fruits, apples, oranges, lemons, &c.

C. E. Ferguson, of Lexington, is painting the S. C. Carpenter residence, and will locate here. Any one having work will do well to see him.

Mrs. J. Blair Armstrong and daughter of Cincinnati, Miss Louise and Mrs. Wm. Andrews and son of Philadelphia, are guests of numerous relatives here.

The adjusters gave Mr. Louis Rogers \$500 the full amount of his insurance on his household goods, which were insured in London Globe, S. M. Allen, agent.

Mr. John D. McKeon, of Belle Center, O., bought thirty \$50-lb. weights of T. J. Jones, said to be the best in the county, at \$4.75. Also five two-year-olds from Ashby and John Leer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Clarke, Misses Lizzie Taylor, Belle Taylor, Judy, Fannie and Cordelia Beeding, Mrs. Sue Myers, Mrs. Bettie Martin, Mrs. Martha McClelland, Pella Jones, John Peed, Robt. Miller and number of others are attending Cincinnati Fall Festival.

WE SELL THE

CELEBRATED

RADIANT HOME

STOVE.

and will continue to receive them during the remainder of the season. As usual, we will have the freshest and finest stock in the city.

FRESH

BALTIMORE

CANNED

OYSTERS,

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Excuse Us for Whistling at You!

But, Stop
a Minute!Examine our Stock of Clothing,
Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishings.
The Stock is Complete.

Prices Reasonable!

You will do yourself an injustice
if you don't inspect our exhibit
for the Fall of 1900.

W. T. TALBOTT & CO.

Don't Forget

WE SELL THE

CELEBRATED

Radiant Home

STOVE.

Winn & Lowry.

What They Say!



When people are pleased with their purchases and know they have fallen heir to a genuine bargain, you can't make them keep still—they will tell everybody they see—even if you request them to remain quiet, and so it is with a very recent barrel of large, fat MACKEREL we have been selling at 10c. The ladies pronounce them the finest ever sold for the price and we dare not take chance of contradicting them. Do you eat Mackerel? If so, come quick before they are gone.

PRATHER'S.

431 MAIN ST. — PARIS, KY.

FRANK & CO.,

LEADERS OF STYLE AND FASHION.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
Garments!

Our Stock is now complete in every detail and is larger than ever. We invite you to inspect the same, which comprises all the latest and popular things in

Ladies' Skirts,
Walking Skirts,
Silk Waists,
Flannel Waists,
Eiderdown and
Outing Dressing
Sacques,
Jacket-Capes and
Furs of all kinds;

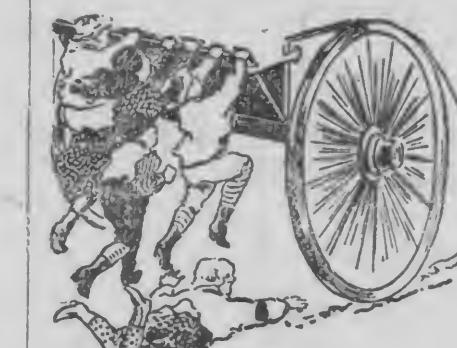
Remember we guarantee every garment bought of us to give entire satisfaction. All garments that do not perfectly fit are altered in our store without extra cost to the purchaser.

Agents for Butterick Patterns and Delineators.

Frank & Co.

404 Main Street,

PARIS, KY.

Don't Get
Left Behind

By not keeping your eyes open to the good things that I am offering. Don't think it over too long, because the prices I am making you on

Hammocks,
Baby Carriages,
Go-Carts,
Refrigerators,
Carpets and
Wall Paper.

Don't last always. Come and look anyway.

Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to. Carriages for hire.

Furniture repaired. Household goods moved. WOOD MANTELS and TILINGS always on hand.

TELEPHONE NO. 36. NIGHT PHONE 122 OR 56.

J. T. HINTON.

I have also just added the handsomest AMBULANCE in the State to my already large stock of vehicles and it is ready to answer your calls at any time.

Clay's Shoe Store,

Cor. Fourth and Main Sts. Paris, Ky.

John Chinaman



THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Twen th Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]

One year.....\$2.00 | Six months.....\$1.00

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & BRO.

ATTENTION is directed to the new display advertisement of W. T. Talbott & Co., on page four.

Wet and damaged wheat. We are prepared to handle this grain. See us before selling. E. F. SPEARS & SONS.

THE Masonic Lodge will hold its regular meeting to-night at half-past seven. Work in the third degree.

Harry Simon's dry goods store will be closed Monday and Tuesday on account of it being a Hebrew holiday. It

The dry goods and clothing store of Twin Brothers will be closed Monday in observance of the Hebrew New Year. It

The residents of Eighth street are doing considerable kicking about the sidewalks on that street, and think that they deserve better ones.

SUPERINTENDENT Cottingham has an extra force of hands at the Paris Distilling Co. plant, making ready for the distillery to start at an early day.

Miss Katherine Petitt, a W. C. T. U. worker in Eastern Kentucky, will give a parlor meeting at Mrs. W. T. Brooks' home on Tuesday, October 2d.

Since the Paris Elks dispensed charity so liberally to the colored people two years ago it has been suggested to turn this work over to the colored Elks.

CHAS. HUKILL asks all of his patrons who have overcoats to be cleaned and pressed to bring them in early before the rush begins. All work guaranteed to be satisfactory.

REV. Dr. Varden will preach at the Baptist Church Sunday morning. There will be no services in the evening. The collection will be for the benefit of the Galveston sufferers.

FOUND.—In the opera house this week a lady's handkerchief, a pocket-book, a hank of yarn, and a letter which is sealed, directed and stamped. Apply to Manager Porter.

WANTED.—Fifty acres of corn with lot to feed on. Also wish to rent a farm 300 to 500 acres of land from one to three years—money rent. Address lockbox 867, Paris, Ky.

THOMAS BROS., opposite Windsor Hotel, are prepared to clean and press Fall and Winter clothing and overcoats, making them look like new. Send your work in early so you can get it promptly. Dyeing a specialty.

H. Margolen's meat market will be closed Monday on account of the Hebrew New Year. Patrons who wish meat for Monday please leave orders Saturday or Sunday, to be delivered Monday morning.

For SALE.—Scholarship to Commercial College of Kentucky University, Wilbur Smith's college. Also scholarship to Lexington Business College. Good chance to secure scholarship at reduced price.

The public cistern on the court house square gave out this week and yesterday the pump was removed and about twenty barrels of very black and impure water were drawn from it. The cistern was then cleaned and swept.

Now that cooler weather has come do not fail to visit Whitlock's gallery if you want strictly first-class pictures. An experienced operator in charge and satisfaction guaranteed. Gallery in Agricultural Bank building.

DR. SILAS EVANS and his guest, Dr. A. S. Robertson, of Louisiana, and W. C. Goodman, Clay Gaitskill and Ollie Steele, left Wednesday for Powell county, to enjoy a fox chase. They took a famous pack of fox hounds along to hustle reynard along over the hills.

An Expensive Trip.

JOHN "FOGGY" TAYLOR, of Millersburg, had an expensive trip Saturday to the colored fair at Lexington. When the train neared Tarr's station that night he drew a pistol on the brakeman, and in Judge Smith's court yesterday he was fined fifty dollars and given fifty days on the rock pile.

Gov. Beckham an Elk.

GOV. BECKHAM was one of a class of fifteen initiated into the Frankfort Lodge B. P. O. Elks on Wednesday night. The Frankfort lodge is only six months old and has one hundred members. Gov. Bradley is also a member of the Frankfort lodge.

Mr. Yerkes Coming.

Hon. John W. Yerkes, Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky, will address the voters at the Paris court house on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 28th, at two o'clock. The public is invited.

Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Dr. and Mrs. Wash Fithian, one of the most esteemed couples in Bourbon, celebrated their golden wedding Tuesday at their home on Pleasant street. Dr. Fithian, who is the oldest practicing physician in the county, and his wife, who was Miss Lou Hutchcraft, were married on September 18th, fifty years ago by Rev. Wm. Rash. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's father, Reuben Hutchcraft, which is now T. H. Clay's property. Among the friends and relatives present at the golden anniversary were Mr. John D. Hearne, of Covington, who was an attendant at the wedding; Mr. and Mrs. Morris Peck, Mr. and Mrs. George Peck, of Cincinnati; Miss Moreland, of Illinois; and Mrs. Chorn, of Montgomery, and Squire B. F. Harris, of this city, who were present at the wedding. Only the immediate relatives were present at the anniversary celebration. The occasion was quite a pleasant event and the many friends of the family will extend congratulations and best wishes. Dr. and Mrs. Fithian received a number of presents.

SHOES that please in style, fit and price, are what the purchaser wants. All these guaranteed at Davis, Thompson & Isgrig. (dec8ft)

Conference at Nicholasville.

The eighth annual Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, convened Wednesday morning at Nicholasville. Two hundred official delegates are present. Bishop Eugene Hendrix, of Kansas City, Mo., who has recently returned from Brazil, presides. Immediately after convening communion services were held, after which the roll of elders was called and their characters examined. The ministers will be examined by districts. In the afternoon Dr. Hammond, of Nashville, Tenn., secretary of the Methodist Educational Board, preached to a large audience. George W. Bain, the noted temperance lecturer of Lexington, spoke to a crowded house at night on "The Century Searchlight."

There are five classes consisting of twenty-one ministers, who are candidates for examination. Rev. F. S. Pollitt has been elected secretary of the conference. The people of the town and county are manifesting great interest in the proceedings.

Good Investment.

The Eastern Kentucky Freestone Company, organized in July last, by Rev. L. E. Mann, Rev. E. G. B. Mann, Fletcher Mann and Dr. M. Dills and Charles W. Wood, of Carlisle, says the *Mercury*, has proved a paying investment, they having sold and contracted for the delivery of over \$20,000 worth of stone already. Their largest contract is for \$15,000 worth of stone to go to Lynchburg, Va., and the profits on this contract alone will be sufficient to repay all money advanced by the promoters.

Their charter and all writings were prepared and the deal was consummated through the Mutual Trust Company of this city.

MESSRS. JOHN MILLER STEPHENS and Robert Hinton leave to-day for the East to enter College. Mr. Hinton will resume his studies at Yale, and Mr. Stephens will attend medical college in New York.

—The Jolly Bachelors gave an elegant German Wednesday night at Odd Fellows Hall in compliment to the young ladies who gave them a cotillion Monday night. The German was lead by Mr. John Brennan and Miss Elizabeth Turney, and about eighteen couples participated in the figures. The favors were flowers, cigars, whistles, ribbons, etc. Sexton's orchestra furnished music for the event.

I have a few good buggies yet on hand which I close out at cost.

THE MOVING THRONG.

NOTES About Our Guests, Arrivals and Departures—Society's Doings.

—Miss Lucy Downey is visiting friends in Cincinnati.

—Miss Fannie Johnson is visiting Miss Madison Bell, in Louisville.

—Miss Edna Lytle left last evening for a visit to relatives in Maysville.

—Deputy U. S. Marshal McCarthy, of Frankfort, was in the city yesterday.

—Mrs. James Lapsley, of Harrodsburg, is visiting her son, Dr. F. L. Lapsley.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart went to Cincinnati yesterday to attend the Fall Festival.

—Miss Elizabeth Turney leaves tomorrow for Boston to attend Wellesley College.

—Mrs. Ida Rogers went to Cincinnati yesterday to visit friends and attend the Fall Festival.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ireland and little Miss Laura Clay left yesterday for Estill Springs.

—Mrs. W. F. Talbott left Wednesday morning for a visit to friends in Covington and Newport.

—Mr. and Mrs. Scotland Highland went to Cincinnati Wednesday morning to attend the Fall Festival.

—Messrs. T. E. Ashbrook and P. J. McCarthy were among the Parisians in Cincinnati Wednesday.

—Mrs. James Withers returned to Cynthiana yesterday after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Davis.

—Misses Leila Johnson and Nannie K. Roberts left yesterday for a fortnight's trip to Newport News, Va.

—Miss Sophia Arnold, who has been visiting relatives in this city, returned Wednesday to her home in Newport.

—The Misses Holliday, of High street, entertained a few friends at tea Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Wm. Wm. Blakemore, of Chicago.

—Miss Addie Garner, of Winchester, was the guest of Miss Lucy Lowry yesterday en route home from a visit in Millersburg.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clay attended the funeral of John Harris Stone, the fourteen-year-old son of Ex-Auditor Stone, at Richmond, yesterday.

—Miss Elizabeth Rash, of Lexington, well known here, has gone to Cincinnati to enter the College of Music for the further cultivation of her voice.

—Mrs. Jake Slaughter, of Eminence, and Mrs. Louis Adler, of Lexington, returned yesterday to their homes after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Winters.

—Mr. Thomas R. Morgan, of Lexington, the popular Traveling Passager Agent of the L. & E. R. R., was in the city Tuesday making a number of friends.

—MESSRS. JOHN MILLER STEPHENS and Robert Hinton leave to-day for the East to enter College. Mr. Hinton will resume his studies at Yale, and Mr. Stephens will attend medical college in New York.

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JAMES H. HAGGARD.

A Newsboy Nuisance.

Probable the officers of the Christian Church do not know it but it is nevertheless a fact that the vestibule of the church is invaded nearly every Sunday by the enterprising newsboys of Paris. In their eagerness to sell Sunday papers these boys push their way to the top step as the congregation comes out and one of them has actually gotten in the vestibule. If the boys have no regard for the church some one who has the authority should have them put outside the yard.

Reduced Rates to Cincinnati.

THE L. & N. will sell round-trip tickets to Cincinnati at one and one-third fares Sept. 19th to 29th, and at one fare the round-trip on September 21, 24, 26 and 28.

FLOUR advanced ten cents per barrel yesterday at Chicago.

LOST.—Buggy medicine case, a small black satchel, filled with medicine. Leave at THE NEWS office and get reward.

DR. WASH FITHIAN was yesterday appointed a member of the Board of Health to succeed Dr. John Bowen, deceased.

The fishing up Stoner is fine these September days and good catches are being made every day. The launch "Kentucky" will take fishermen or parties up Stoner and call for them at stated times.

Mr. Yerkes Coming.

Hon. John W. Yerkes, Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky, will address the voters at the Paris court house on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 28th, at two o'clock. The public is invited.

adv't.

OBITUARY.

KENNEDY.

Mrs. Alice Dorsey Kennedy, wife of John B. Kennedy, died Wednesday night at the family home near this city, after a protracted illness. The deceased was a faithful and lovable Christian woman, a devoted wife, a kind neighbor and a generous friend, and her demise will be a sad news to everyone who knew her. Mrs. Kennedy bore her illness patiently and with Christian fortitude and cheerfulness. The deceased was about sixty years of age, and was formerly Miss Alice Dorsey, of New Orleans. She was twice married, first to Charles L. Reiman, of this city, in 1865, and in 1879 she wedded Mr. Kennedy. She leaves one child, Mrs. Thompson Tarr and is survived by her husband and one daughter, Mrs. Horace Miller, of this city, and one brother, Samuel Dorsey, who resides in California.

The funeral services will be held at the family residence this afternoon at half-past two o'clock by Eld. Lloyd Darsie and Rev. Dr. Rutherford. Burial at the Paris cemetery. The pallbearers will be Horace Miller, Catesby Woodford, Quincy Ward, Bruce Miller, Dr. F. M. Faris, F. P. Clay, Jr., C. A. Daugherty, A. T. Forsyth.

W. K. Shelby, of Lexington, died in a few hours yesterday after returning home from Asheville, N. C. He was a teacher in the public schools.

BIRTHS.

In Lexington to the wife of Mr. Earl Sellers, a son—Charles Jerome Sellers.

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.

The Wedding Bells, Announcements, Cupid's Mischief.

Mr. Harper Reed and Miss Alice Pullen, both of Georgetown, drove from this city Tuesday to Lexington and were married in the parlors of the Phoenix Hotel by Rev. I. J. Spencer. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. David Doty, of this city. The groom is a Deputy Sheriff of Scott county, and the bride a handsome daughter of Mr. Press Pullen, and is a cousin of Mrs. David Doty, of this city.

THE FARM AND TRUFL.

News for the Farmer, Trader and Stock Raiser.

Dr. C. W. Mathers, of Millersburg, has bought 122 lambs from Mike O'Connell, at \$3.75 per cwt.

The *Sentinel-Democrat* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Sentinel-Democrat* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock Raiser* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock Raiser* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock Raiser* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock Raiser* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock Raiser* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock Raiser* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock Raiser* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock Raiser* reports about 5,000 cattle on the market at Mt. Sterling court, best steers bringing \$4.50 per cwt. Yearling steers sold at same price, and heifers a little lower. About 1,000 sheep, mostly wethers, sold at three cents per pound. John Talbott, of Bourbon, bought a bunch of 600-lb. cattle at \$4.50, and H. C. Caywood bought twenty-two 700-lb. heifers at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per cwt.The *Farmer and Stock R*

THE BOURBON NEWS
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THE SCIENCE OF THE CRADLE.

Cradles coming back, you say?
"Bless me! when did cradles go?"
Ask of Sleepy Head who can't
Surely be supposed to know.
What is Science that it thinks
It can have the upper hand
In the Realm of Forty Winks,
Forming part of Babyland?

Science says they may, indeed!
When was motherhood for aught
But to furnish every need
E'er conceived in baby thought?
Pillow soft of mother love,
Mother's tender face above,
Mother's arms for rock-a-bye.

What does Science know about
Baby ways to Land of Nod,
That it tries to place in doubt?
Paths the baby feet have trod?
Paths adown the Cradle Road,
Worn by countless little feet;
Poppy-lined and overflowed,
Leading out of Drowsy Street.

Cradles! Men of specks and brains,
Yours the province broad may be
Oblivious to; and train
Steam and electricity.
Yours the sea and earth and sky;
Ooze and star and gas and stone;
When you get to cradles—why,
That is mother's sphere—alone.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Woman's Home Companion.

The Coming of Guiseppe

EARLY on the third morning of Milton Wakes, William Eyre, of Seraplowe, was awakened by his wife suddenly sitting up in bed and laughing with glee odd in a woman of 65, who had for 12 months labored under great trouble. He turned on his pillow, and saw her rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand. Her white nightcap had fallen loosely back to her shoulders; her hair, still black and heavy, was slightly disordered, a pink flush warmed her thin cheeks.

"Such a dream, lad!" she cried, in a voice whence all the sleepiness had not departed. "Darrand were it flood, an' big ships such as one sees i' pictures, were sailin' up, easy as maybe, to th' New Brig. An' I stood at th' wayer side an' watched an' th' first soul I saw aboard were our lad, comin' home to you an' me."

William's own eyes glistened; it was good to see her roused from her long apathy. "It means luck," he said. "Th' Lord knows as yo' an' me want luck badly know, though th' money as we had to find for Tom Basker's surety be all paid. We'll pull through, I make no doubt, an'—happen—happen our lad's safe an' sound somewhere."

Then he rose and dressed himself, and went out to the shippen, for it was nigh milking-time. When he returned with his two pails brimming with snowy foam and odorous as wild flowers, he found, to his great surprise, that Mary was kneeling on the hearth, blowing a newly-lighted fire with an ancient pair of bellows.

"Well!" he said, somewhat crossly. "Why couldn't I bring you tea upstairs? You know as th' doctor said you were to rest fro' morn to night."

She turned her face towards him; sweet laughter still curved her lips. "Hark at him!" she exclaimed. "I might be a naughty bairn."

Then she worked the bellows until the blaze leaped up the chimney and the kettle that swung from a great pot-hook began to sing stentorously. As soon as she had lit it to the hob she began to lay the breakfast table, for the first time since her health had given way. The oateake toaster was hung upon the bars; from the oven came the crackling sound that accompanies the frying of bacon. William watched her like one bewitched; he had never dared to hope that she would take an active part in the work again.

But as they shared that meal she seemed as sprightly as in the days of her young wifhood.

When they had finished eating, she went to the window and looked down the hillside to Milton. The Nether End was full of caravans and stalls; already one might hear the crack-crack of the shooting galleries, where assembled such holiday-makers as wished to make the most of their time before, in another hour, they departed townward in the carrier's old yellow omnibus.

"Why, William," said Mary, "I feel that young to-day. It all puts me i' mind o' when you were courtin' me . . . I'm just thinkin', lad, as this even when th' work's done I'd like you and me to go down to th' Wakes together."

The farmer slapped his knee. "Ay, that will we," he said. "I'd have profited it myself, but for fear o' yo' none bein' able to walk."

So they made up their minds, and William's heart grew glad within him to see how much of her old zest had returned. She laughingly forbade him to help with the household duties made pointed remarks concerning his bewildered face, and finally she kissed him from her presence while she put the place in order. And when evening had come and they went arm-in-arm to the nether end, which they just reached as the sun was concentrating his strength for a golden glory, the first and most notable sight they beheld was young Guiseppe with her wheezing hurdy-gurdy and cage of Java sparrows.

The girl was standing on the green, near the forecourt of the Bold Cloudesley, turning the handle of the antiquated music box. Such of the notes as came belonged to some fragment of a long-forgotten opera—only now and again could one hear anything—and that was in the interval when the gathering forces wind for the gathering of new riches. Guiseppe ground

away bravely, but her face was troubled, for her little show had no attraction for the village folk, and not more than threee the livelong day had her plump little hands revealed the secret of anyone's future.

Mary was touched by her loneliness; she drew William toward the place where she waited.

"I'm sorry for you, poor wench," she said in a low voice. "Hoo seems to be doin' but little business wi' that certainte thing?"

When they had reached the cage she cried out with pleasure as she saw the Java sparrows:

"Lord ha' mercy! Birds as green as grass!" Then she spelled slowly the legend attached to the wires. "Your fortune told for a penny! Dear heart, I must have it done! Dost remember, Will, lad, how you an' me an' th' owd woman towed as we should marry happy?"

"Ay," said William, "I do that. An' now one o' these little green birds shall tell you again."

He dropped a penny into Guiseppe's palm; at her signal one of the sparrows perily lifted a folded scrap of paper and pushed it between the bars. Mary donned her spectacles and unfolded it and read in silence. The message affected her strangely; she staggered a little and would have fallen had not William caught her in time. One hand pressed the paper against her bosom.

"It says good news comin' fro' across the seas," she whispered, faintly. "An' now I know for sure as th' lad is safe."

Then she fumbled in her skirt-pocket and took out a little moleskin pouch, so worn that the hair only showed in patches. She untied the string and shook out the contents—a sixpence, a threepenny piece, and some half-pence—into Guiseppe's hand.

"It's all I've gotten, wench," she said, "but you're kindly welcome to it." Guiseppe's big black eyes had filled with tears; one or two trickled slowly down the smooth olive cheeks.

"I thank you, ma'am," she said, in a broken English hard for these old folk to understand. "It will find me room and food for night."

Some young men from the neighboring village of Greenlow-in-the-Water strolled up to the cage, and William and Mary moved away.

"Poor soul!" sighed the wife. "She can be more than 15, an' she looks nearly starved. It's cruel work—a pretty lass like that—a black un, maybe, but as comely as ever I did see—"

"Come, loove," said William. "Thou'rt always findin' pity for something, even though it be a lame duckling. Where beest thou, for nowth' Bowd Cloudesley or th' Bull's Yead?"

"I be for home," she replied, "I dunna feel as if I could talk to anybody to-night. My heart's so full o' what's comin'. Go you to where you please. I'll be safe now gettin' back."

So they crossed the green and returned without seeing Guiseppe again, choosing a different way through the Hollow Wood and along the Moor Edge. For the rest of the evening they sat and talked of their lad's childhood—of his pranks and his rogueries. They made surmises concerning the changes in his appearance since he went to sea five years ago; they pictured him with a long beard of ruddy hue, like the moustache that had sprouted on his upper lip. When they retired backward they did not toss uneasily as they had done since the post had ceased to bring his letters, but fell asleep at once and did not waken till sunrise.

Mary was astir first; the new strength made her resolved upon taking up all her old duties. Before William had come downstairs she had "reded up" the house-place. As she heard his stockinged foot on the landing she took a basket of corn and opened the door, so that she might feed the poultry. A sharp cry, ever, brought William to her side in a moment. He found her on the threshold, gazing bewildered at the sleeping figure of Guiseppe, who reclined in a corner of the porch. A broken hurdy-gurdy and a cage crushed outside, and in a hollow of her gaudily of all shape lay on the flags at her side, and in the hollow of her gaudily-aproned lap lay two poor stiff Java sparrows.

"It's th' foreign wench," said William. "Mercy on us, how came she here, wi' her music box all smashed, an' her little birds are dead as stones!"

Mary lifted the girl's head dress, which had fallen forward. The dark face was all stained with tears. The old woman's touch, gentle as it was, awakened a plaintive little moan. Guiseppe's eyes opened, and she began to sob so bitterly that William stole away on tiptoe.

"You'd best manage her yourself, Mary, love," he said. "I cannot bear to hear it."

Then he hurried away, with his hands pressed to his ears, whilst Mary knelt beside Guiseppe, and, putting her arm around her waist, she drew her gently to the house.

"What is it, my pretty?" she said, soothingly. "How came you here, an' what's happened to your birds?"

Guiseppe's tumultuous weeping ceased soon, and she told the old woman a pitiful story of how some drunken men from Greenlow-in-the-Water had taken her hurdy-gurdy and kicked it over the green, and when she had striven to recover it they had fallen upon the cage and beaten it with their sticks until the wires were crushed together and the little fortune tellers died of fright. Mary's hands clenched as she listened; she was a plucky soul, and had any of the miscreants come her way they would not have passed unnoticed. But she knew that angry natives were not to be compared with practical sympathy, and she led Guiseppe

up the stairs and made her down on the bed in the little chamber on the landing, while she hurriedly prepared a cup of tea. The girl drank thirstily, but ate nothing, and when Mary bade her rest quietly she sank back among the pillows and closed her eyes.

William heard the story from his wife at breakfast. "Poor wench," he said, "it were cruel hard to take away her means o' livin'." Did she say as how she found her way up hither?"

"Ay," said Mary, "she had watched th' way we went—ours were th' first kind words she'd heard for many a day, an' she were a bit touched like. You see, lad, her mother died a month ago, an' her father she can scarce recollect, for he only lived till she were a year owd. She's had to support herself wi', fortune tellin', an' as there were naught doin' in town, she thought she might make summat i' th' country. Half-starved she has been; Lord! there's scarce a scrap o' flesh on her bones!"

"Well," said William, "I reckon she must stop here till her strength comes back, anyhow."

"I knew you'd say that, Will," responded the old woman, "for you're ne'er one to shirk doin' a kind deed. Ay, we'll look after her; you see, th' little birds as good as said fine news were comin', an' it'd be ungrateful none to reward her."

Later in the day Guiseppe's talk became so wild and unintelligible that William was despatched to the village for Dr. Hattersley. When he came and found that the girl was in high fever he suggested that the workhouse ambulance should be fetched. Mary heard him with some impatience and flatly refused to take his advice.

"Th' poor thing's goin' to bide here till she's better," she said. "I've always been reekoned a decent nurse, an' I can look after her as well as any young madam wi' a white cap."

"Eh!" said the doctor, with a grimace. "I suppose you'll have your own way. But you must know that it will be a great responsibility. You're far from strong yourself—"

"O, I'm right now at last, doctor," replied Mary. "You see, it's come to me as our lad's alive after all and so I've gotten summat to look forward to. It'd be unlucky, besides being wrong, to turn away Guiseppe, when she made her way here, Lord knows how, because she thought we'd help her."

The kindly doctor had nothing more to urge, and to Guiseppe became an inmate of Seraplowe. She was seriously ill for several weeks, but her constitution was good (she came of fine Tuscan peasant stock), and before the time of the first snowstorm she was able to be moved downstairs and to sit in a big armchair by the fire. As she grew stronger she began to speak of her departure, but Mary always silenced her tenderly.

"It's for you to choose, wench," she said at last. "My master an' I'd be main sorry if you left us, for we've come to care for you more than a little. Why none stay wi' us for good?—there's many an' many a thing as you can help wi'. You see, Guiseppe, I be gettin' owd."

The girl thanked her with luminous eyes and from that day began to work in the place as if it were her own home, taking such an active interest that the old folk could scarce express their admiration. The healthy life developed her southern beauty until she was regarded as the loveliest woman of the countryside. The respect and devotion which she showed toward her protectors was really touching, and as the months passed they began to look upon her as their own flesh and blood. She had the daintiest imaginable hand for butter making, and the poultry under her care was reared with admirable success.

Mary's idea of her having brought luck was confirmed in the following spring, when William received a letter from a London lawyer, declaring him heir to the property of an almost forgotten kinsman. The fortune was large enough to keep them for the rest of their lives without working; but neither cared to give up the life on the old farm, and they resolved to leave it untouched till Will came back. Their faith in his existence was rewarded at mowing time by a letter addressed in the lad's own bold handwriting. In it they found that he had been cast ashore on the South American coast, and that he had lain some months in hospital. He had written as soon as he was able, but he feared that his letters had miscarried. His left arm, shattered in the shipwreck, had been amputated, and even if he had desired it he was no longer fit for a seafaring life. In short, he was longing to see his old father and mother again and to work on the little farm with all his might.

After that, not a day passed without their expecting his arrival. It was not, however, until the harvest that he appeared at Seraplowe. On the third night of the Wakes, just a year since Mary had dreamed of his return, as they sat together at supper, she heard his hand upon the latch. She rose and ran tremblingly to throw her arms around his neck, and clung to him so fervently that William was obliged at last to beg for a sight of his son. And Guiseppe, when her eyes fell on the comely young man, felt her heart begin to beat very wildly; whilst Will, after embracing his father, thrilled with the curious pang that comes to a traveled man when he sees the most wonderful woman he has ever met.

The long and the short of it was that they fell in love at first sight, and that to-day, with their robust bantlings, they are the happiest couple in Peakland. They do not live at Seraplowe, but William bought the next farm for a wedding present and gave him his own land to work, so that the old folk have naught to do save to delight themselves with looking on—black and white.

The girl was standing on the green, near the forecourt of the Bold Cloudesley, turning the handle of the antiquated music box. Such of the notes as came belonged to some fragment of a long-forgotten opera—only now and again could one hear anything—and that was in the interval when the gathering forces wind for the gathering of new riches. Guiseppe ground

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From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 8:28 p. m.

From Maysville—7:49 a. m.; 8:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—6:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.

To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.

To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:48 p. m.; 10:18 p. m.

To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 8:25 p. m.

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THE GREAT MAJESTIC.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Passing Boasts.—Gotham Maid—"We have the best dressed men." Chicago Maid—"Oh, well, we have the best dressed beef!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

There Are Others.—Father—"You have spent a fortune on the races, and what have you realized?" Son—"That I am an idiot."—Brooklyn Life.

A Flight of Fancy.—Visitor—"Good morning; tide's very high this morning, eh?" Ancient Mariner—"Ar, if the sea was al' beer, there wouldn't be, no bloom'igh tides!"—Punch.

"Another one of those get-rich-quick concerns failed the other day." "That so?" "Yes; old Goldbond's daughter broke her engagement with young Wil'oughby."—Indianapolis Sun.

Little Willie—"Paw, is ma a microbe?" Mr. Henpeck—"Why, no, Willie. What makes you ask such a question?" Little Willie—"Well, the teacher told us that baldness was caused by a microbe."—Baltimore American.

"What's this?" exclaimed the city editor. "The extremely happy young couple left at once for the south. Why do you say 'extremely'?" "Because," said the society reporter, who was married himself, "I understand neither bride nor groom have any relatives in the world."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Neighboring Reciprocity.—"How do you like your new neighbor, Mrs. Way?" "Not at all. She's awfully stingy. Why, she borrowed our tack-hammer and a nutmeg early last week, but when I went over yesterday to ask her to lend me eight dollars to pay on the rent, she said she didn't have it to spare. Wasn't that small?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Billings—"In' your club doesn't it sometimes come awkward to have to follow parliamentary rules and refrain from referring to a man by his name?" Gilroy—"Not at all. For example, when I speak of Beesley as that apology for a man whose gigantic prominence is his diminutive inferiority, everybody knows whom I mean."—Boston Transcript.

TITIAN OF IMMENSE VALUE.

An Offer of \$1,000,000 Made for a Great Painting by That Artist.

The preposterous report that some one had offered \$1,000,000 for Titian's celebrated painting of "Sacred and Profane Love," in the Borghese collection at Rome, is due in all probability to the universal hunger for astonishing people, although it may have some color of possibility to the imagination of kindergarten financiers. Insensate prices have been paid for Raphaels, that in the National gallery especially, which came from the Marlborough collection, also for the works of other old masters, but never any such incredible price as this! Yet it would be a hard matter to set the exact limit of value in the case of a sale of Titian, more particularly such an example as the absurdly misnamed "Sacred and Profane Love." If there exists in the world a picture worth \$1,000,000, who would be bold enough to deny the right of Titian, the potente of painters, to be the author of that work? As to the picture known by the title of "Sacred and Profane Love"—a title which Titian did not give it, and which has needlessly puzzled many commentators—it is now generally considered simply as a fanciful or romantic composition, says the Boston Transcript.

But Franz Wickoff, a German critic, has evolved a theory, which has a good deal to recommend it, that this picture represents an incident in the seventh book of the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, the Latin poet, where it is related that Medea, the enchantress, daughter of Aeetes, king of Colchis, unwilling to yield to her love for the Greek Jason, is visited by Venus, who pleads for the lover and endeavors to persuade Medea to follow her to the wood where Jason is waiting. Titian has represented this scene as taking place in the open air; the dawn is just breaking and rosy streaks appear on the horizon. A young woman, richly dressed, is seated on one side of the sun-dappled stone basin of a fountain, on the edge of which she has placed a costly casket. Her right hand is in her lap and holds a bunch of magic herbs. Deeply moved, she gazes fixedly before her, lending ear the while to the persuasive voice of another woman seated near. The form of this woman, around which flutters a red mantle, is of a marvelous beauty. She rests her right hand upon the fountain's edge, and with her left holds on high a vase from which issues a light smoke. Between the two women the god of love is splashing in the water with his chubby little hands.

Mr. Wickoff maintains that in the beautiful nude figure Venus is easily recognizable, even were her son not there to indicate her presence. The woman to whom she speaks, and who, though unwilling to yield blindly, still feels herself drawn by an irresistible power, is Medea, who betrayed the king, her father, and, followed Jason, the stranger and enemy of her people.

How Silk Equalizes Temperature. It is known to everybody that silk is electrified by friction. Acting upon the suggestion thus furnished, a French savant, M. Henry, has made experiments which show that the electrification of the air inclosed in a tissue of silk produces a circulation of its particles which tends to equalize the temperature. A similar effect is observable in wool, and hence the superiority of silk and wool for garments intended to protect the body against the vicissitudes of climate.

An Early Opportunity. He—Ah, how I love you! Would I were a knight of old, that I might fight for you this very day.

She—Perhaps you may, Clarence. Suppose you speak to papa now. Philadelphia Record.

GOSSIP OF LITTERATEURS.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the blind banker and poet, has given up dictating much of his copy and writes most of it. In spite of his blindness he writes a remarkably clear hand.

Charles Upson Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been commissioned by the Royal Academy of Science, Berlin, to prepare a new edition of Ammianus Marcellinus, the Roman historian of the fourth century. The commission carries a grant of 1,500 marks. Mr. Clark was valedictorian of the class of '97, Yale university.

Literary Paris is greatly agitated over the difficulty of deciding which is the genuine copy of "L'Ami du Peuple," which was stained with the blood of Marat when the revolutionist met his death at the hands of Charlotte Corday. So far seven copies have turned up, all solemnly accredited and all bearing the blood stain.

Several descendants of the poet Longfellow have been enjoying the hospitality of the Ojibway Indians away up at Desbarats, Ont. These Indians are descendants of the Sagamores, so picturesquely treated in "Hiawatha." Miss Longfellow, the poet's daughter, has been formally adopted into the tribe. A select corps of chiefs, braves, squaws and papooses gave in presence of the visitors and beneath the primeval trees of Desbarats islands a dramatization of the famous poem. The performers were garbed in buckskin costumes, with headdresses of feathers.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A single leaf of the orange tree, carefully planted, will often take root and grow.

It has been observed that artesian wells have a daily period of ebb and flow, as well as the ocean tides, only the process is reversed. The time of greatest flow of an artesian well is the period of low tide in the ocean.

There are 400 miles of icebergs, floating ice, plains of ice and all other sorts of Arctic obstructions to traverse between the nearest discovery to the pole and the pole itself.

Perhaps some means of overcoming these difficulties may present themselves within the next century as science goes on in its progressive way.

The eruption in 1883 of Krakatau, a volcano on the island of that name in the Strait of Sunda, which connects the Java sea with the Indian ocean between Java and Sumatra, East Indies, was the worst and most destructive eruption ever known, including that of Vesuvius in 79, A. D.

The earth has a shadow, but few ever see it, except in eclipses of the moon. Nevertheless many of us have noticed on fine, cloudy evenings in summer, shortly before sunset, a rosy or pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish-gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith, and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.

SAYINGS OF THE SAGE.

A woman can afford to forgive her husband for everything except marrying her.

A woman never forgives a man for his kindness in bringing her husband home drunk.

A baby's smile is the sweetest thing in the world; it is a combination of contentment, idiocy and gums.

A man can't please all women part of the time or one woman all of the time, but he can always smile at all of their babies.

If men were as noble and heroic as their wives think they are there would be so many monuments around that the street cars would all have to run underground.—N. Y. Press.

MARKET REPORT.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 19.
CATTLE—Common... \$3 25 @ 4 25
Extra butchers... 5 10 @ 5 25
CALVES—Extra... 6 50 @ 7 25
HOGS—Choice packers... 5 60 @ 6 65
Mixed packers... 5 40 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Choice... 3 10 @ 3 75
LAMBS—Extras... 5 60 @ 5 75
FLOUR—Spring pat... 3 70 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed... @ 44
OATS—No. 2 mixed... @ 23
RYE—No. 2... 56 1/2
HAY—Ch. timothy... 13 50
PORK—Mess... 12 60
LARD—Steam... @ 6 90
BUTTER—Ch. dairy... @ 15
Choicer creamy... @ 23
APPLES—Ch. to fancy 2 25 @ 2 50
POTATOES—Per bbl. 1 25 @ 1 35
TOBACCO—New... 3 50 @ 9 95
Old... 12 25 @ 12 50

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 80 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 78 1/2 @ 80
No. 3 spring... @ 78
CORN—No. 2... 40 1/2
OATS—No. 2... 21 1/2 @ 22
RYE... 52 @ 52 1/2
PORK—Mess... 11 25 @ 12 00
LARD—Steam... 7 07 1/2 @ 7 10

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 75 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 84 1/2 @ 80
No. 3 spring... @ 78
CORN—No. 2... 40 1/2
OATS—No. 2... 21 1/2 @ 22
RYE... 52 @ 52 1/2
PORK—Mess... 11 25 @ 12 00
LARD—Steam... 7 07 1/2 @ 7 10

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—No. 2 red... 72 @ 72 1/2
Southern... 76 @ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed... 45 1/2 @ 45 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed... 25 @ 25 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers... 4 80 @ 5 55
PORK—Family... 13 25 @ 16 00

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red... 76 1/2 @ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed... @ 41
OATS—No. 2 mixed... @ 21 1/2

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 4 00 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red... @ 74
CORN—Mixed... @ 44
OATS—Mixed... 23 @ 23 1/2
PORK—Mess... 12 50 @ 12 50
LARD—Steam... @ 7 55

THE HORSELESS NIGHTMARE.

"Oh," she said, "I had such a terrible dream last night. It seemed that I had suddenly been deprived somehow of the power to move. All my limbs were paralyzed, and I lay right in the path of an automobile that could see coming toward me at a terrible rate of speed, with the lamps at the sides blazing like the two eyes of some terrible monster. Nearer and nearer it came, and in fearful agony, tried to drag myself out of the way, but was unable to move. I tried to cry out, so that the man who was running the automobile might stop or turn aside and avoid running over me, but I could not make a sound. On, on it came, as if imbued with life and in a fury of destruction. I had just given up myself for lost when—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "then you woke up. But that isn't the important part of it. By your experience we know that the horseless nightmare has arrived."—Chicago Times-Herald.

DEPRECIATION OF MONEY.

In 1873 a silver dollar was worth one dollar and six-tenths in gold. In 1878, eighty-nine cents; in 1883, eighty-five cents; in 1888, seventy-two cents; in 1893, sixty cents, and in 1898 forty-five cents. Money may depreciate, but there is one standard of value, which has not changed in half a century, and that is Hostetter's Stomach Bitter. It always has been the one unsurpassed remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, liver or kidney troubles.

NOT GENERAL'S EGG.

The freshness of eggs is carefully graded in this country, but our distinctions are passed in delicacy by those formerly in vogue among the British residents in India.

A distinguished general once happened to stop in Calcutta. At breakfast the great man was served with boiled eggs. He took one, broke the shell, and dropped it with an air of disgust.

"Here!" he cried to his servant, "what do you mean by giving me a bad egg?" The man hurried to his master, and examined the egg with the utmost seriousness. "I entreat your forgiveness," said he, "but it's all a mistake. The stupid waiter has gone and brought you an old de camp's egg by mistake."—Stray Stories.

CHILD'S LIFE SAVED.

The following letter was received from Mr. John T. Moore, of 151 Vandue Street, Memphis, Tenn.: "Last July my little son was terribly burned on his chest, arms and legs by boiling hot soup, but fortunately your Lotion was at hand and was promptly applied, which afforded almost instant relief, and the burned surface rapidly healed, leaving no scars." Palmer's Lotion relieves Burns instantly. If your druggist does not keep it, send his name to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, and receive free pamphlet of testimonials and sample of Lotion or Lotion Soap.

THE GRAND FINALE.

Ida—Yes, the chorus ended up with 200 voices.

May—All singing the last line: "And still his heart was true?"

"No; 20 sung: 'And still his heart was true,' and the other 180 joined in with 'Rats.'"—Chicago Evening News.

LOW-RATE EXCURSIONS.

VIA MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY AND IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

To points in the West, Southwest and Southeast, at half-rates (plus \$2.00) for the round trip. Tickets on sale Tuesdays, September 4th and 18th, October 2d and 16th, November 6th and 20th, and December 4th and 18th, 1900. For full information, land folders, etc., address any agent of above lines, or H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

WHERE HE IS FOOLED.

Our notion of a credulous man is a man who thinks all the motions of a baseball pitcher makes are necessary. —Detroit Journal.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

TAKE LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

HIS PURPOSE.

No man proposes to remain single when he proposes he expects to get married.—Philadelphia Record.

SUFFERING AND RELIEF.

Three Letters from Mrs. Johnson, Showing that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures the Ills of Women

Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice November, 1897

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am a great sufferer, have much trouble through the lower part of my bowels, and I am writing to you for advice. Menses are irregular and scanty, am troubled with leucorrhea, and I ache so through my back and down through my loins. I have spells of bloating very badly, sometimes will be very large and other times very much reduced.—MRS. CHAS. E. JOHNSON, Box 33, Rumford Center, Maine, Nov. 20, 1897.

ENJOYING GOOD HEALTH JUNE, 1899

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to tell you that I am improving in health. I am ever so much better than when I wrote before. The trouble through the lower part of bowels is better and I am not bloated so badly. I was very much swollen through the abdomen before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I still have a feeling of fulness across my chest. I have used three bottles of it and am on the fourth.—MRS. CHAS. E. JOHNSON, Box 33, Rumford Center, Maine, Dec. 13, 1899.

ENJOYING GOOD HEALTH JUNE, 1899

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Since a year ago I have been taking your medicine, and am now strong and enjoying good health. I have not been so well for three years, and feel very thankful to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I would advise all who suffer with female troubles to try your medicine.—MRS. CHAS. E. JOHNSON, Box 33, Rumford Center, Maine, June 1, 1899.

ENJOYING GOOD HEALTH JUNE, 1899

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am a great sufferer from the trouble in my bowels, and I have been taking your medicine for a year now, and it has been a great help to me. I am now strong and healthy, and feel very well. I would advise all who suffer with female troubles to try your medicine.—MRS. CHAS. E. JOHNSON, Box 33, Rumford Center, Maine, June 1, 1899.

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ENJOYING GOOD HEALTH JUNE, 1899

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am a great sufferer from the trouble in my

A Wife Says:

"We have four children. With the first three I suffered almost unbearable pains from 12 to 14 hours, and had to be placed under the influence of chloroform. I used three bottles of Mother's Friend before our last child came, which is a strong, fat and healthy boy, doing my housework up to within two hours of birth, and suffered but a few hard pains. This is the grandest remedy ever made."



Mother's Friend

will do for every woman what it did for the Minnesota mother who writes the above letter. Not to use it during pregnancy is a mistake to be paid for in pain and suffering. Mother's Friend equips the patient with a strong body and clear intellect, which in turn are imparted to the child. It relaxes the muscles and allows them to expand. It relieves morning sickness and nervousness. It puts all the organs concerned in perfect condition for the final hour, so that the actual labor is short and practically painless. Danger of rising or hard breasts is altogether avoided, and recovery is merely a matter of a few days.

Druggists sell Mother's Friend for \$1 a bottle. The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., send for our free illustrated book.

The progressive nation, or the world are the great food consuming nations. Good food well digested gives strength. If you cannot digest all you eat, you need Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat. You need not digest yourself. It contains all of the digestants combined with the best known tonics and reconstructives. It will even digest all classes of foods in a bottle. No other preparation will do this. It instantly relieves and quickly cures all stomach troubles. W. T. Brooks.

Bumps or Bruises.
Sprains or sores, burns or scalds, wound or cuts, tetter or eczema, all quickly cured by Bannier Salve, the most healing medicine in the world. Nothing else "just as good." Clarke & Kenney.

Does It Pay To Buy Cheap.

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boeschee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation; causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggist in the world. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries. Oct-27-1900

You can spell it cough, coif, caugh, kaf, kaf, kough, or kough, but the only harmless remedy that quickly cures it is One Minute Cough Cure. W. T. Brooks.

The emergency bags sent by a church society to Kansas soldiers in the Philippines contained among the necessities a box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the well known cure for piles, injuries and skin diseases. The ladies took care to obtain the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve knowing that all the counterfeits are worthless. W. T. Brooks.

It Is a Curse.

Constipation is a curse and afflicts too great a portion of the American people. There is no excuse for it either, as we sell a remedy that will banish the curse, and with moderate use will keep it away. It is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint. Sold in 10c, 50c and \$1.00 size. For sale by G. S. Varden.

Large sun spots, astigmatism, say, caused the extreme heat this summer, and doctors declare nearly at the prostrations were induced by disorders of the stomach. Good health follows good digestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. If you have indigestion or dyspepsia it will quickly relieve and permanently cure you. W. T. Brooks.

The Place of the Duel.

Mrs. Minnie Walter Myers, in her "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast," gives an account of one of the last challenges to a duel which occurred in Louisiana. The affair was between M. Marigny, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Louisiana, and a Mr. Humble, a sturdy ex-blacksmith of Georgia, who had become a man of political consequence.

M. Marigny took offense at some remarks of the Georgian and sent him a challenge. The big ex-blacksmith was nonplussed.

"I know nothing about this dueling business," he said. "I will not fight him."

"You must," said his friend. "No gentleman can refuse."

"I am not a gentleman," replied the honest son of Georgia. "I am only a blacksmith."

"But you will be ruined if you do not fight," urged his friends. "You will have the choice of weapons, and you can choose so as to give yourself an equal chance with your adversary."

The giant asked him in which to consider the question and ended by accepting. He sent the following reply to M. Marigny:

"I accept, and in the exercise of my privilege, I stipulate that the duel shall take place in Lake Pontchartrain, in six feet of water, sledge hammers to be used as weapons."

M. Marigny was about five feet, eight inches in height, and his adversary was seven feet. The conceit of the Georgian so pleased M. Marigny, who could appreciate a joke as well as perpetrate one, that he declared himself satisfied, and the duel did not take place.

Some Queer Definitions.

Bailey's Universal Etymological Dictionary, with the subtitle, "An Interpreter of Hard Words," was first published in London in 1721. Most of its definitions are eccentric, and some of them incredibly so. Here are specimens plucked at random:

Man.—A creature endowed with reason.

Thunder.—A noise known by persons deaf.

Lightning.—A meteor.

A Rainbow.—A meteor of divers colors.

Weapon Salve.—A sort of ointment which is said to cure a wound by being applied to the sword or other weapon that made the wound.

Balloon.—A football; also a great ball with which noblemen and princes use to play.

Cow.—A beast well known.

Milk.—A food well known.

Peacock.—A fine bird.

Elephant.—The biggest, strongest and most intelligent of all four footed beasts.

Medlar.—A fruit which is grateful to the stomach, but is not ripe till it is rotten.

Snow.—A meteor well known in northerly and southerly climates, especially beyond the tropics.

Mouth.—Part of the body of a living creature.

Eye.—An instrument of sight.

Paderewski the Deceiver.

This is how a Kansas newspaper man criticised Paderewski:

"We heard the Polander Paderewski play the piano in Convention hall, Kansas City. The fellow is deceitful. He makes you think all the time he is going to play a tune, but he never does. He flirts all around a tune, but never touches it. His hair looks like a wig, but it isn't. He deceives you in hundred ways. He makes the sweetest sounds you ever heard that were not a tune. He has his piano so trained that the doggone thing will keep right on playing when he is not touching it. He reaches out slowly and strokes it, drawing back his elbows like a man brushing a girl's hair. You see the moonlight, and you're there with your girl, but somehow she doesn't love you. You know the sorrow of that, and that's why we don't like Paderewski. We wouldn't go to hear him again, but we wouldn't take \$100 for what we heard at Convention hall."

To Hide It.

Hewitt—What are you raising whisks for?

Jewett—Well, I don't mind telling you that I am wearing a necktie my wife gave me.—Harper's Bazaar.

We are all inventors, each sailing out on a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart of which there is no duplicate. The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.

A Preacher

Of Watterloo, Ind., Rev. S. P. Koltz, writes: "I have been afflicted over twenty years with dyspepsia or sour stomach. Have tried different remedies without much benefit. A 10c bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint gave me great benefit. Have taken nearly one large bottle, and feel like a different person." For sale by G. S. Varden & Co.

Are You With Us?

Do you feel just finer than anybody all the time? If you take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint you may feel good the year round. It guaranteed to cure constipation, indigestion and all stomach and bowel troubles. \$1.50c or 10c size. G. S. Varden & Co., will tell you all about it.

A 20-Pound Baby

can take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint with as much safety and beneficial results as an adult. It is a mild liquid laxative and children thrive upon it. Syrup Peppermint assists nature in cleansing the system, and its use is not attended with any of the unpleasant gripes and nauseating effects caused by the use of pills or so-called cathartics. Try a 10c size bottle. (10 doses 10c cents.) Also sold in 50c and 1 size by G. S. Varden.

To Asthma Sufferers.

Lawson Eridge of Berrington, Ill., says he was cured of chronic asthma, of long standing by Pholev's Honey and Tar. It gives positive relief in all cases asthma, so this disease, when not completely cured is robbery of all its torturers by this great remedy. Clarke & Kenney.

Woman's Rights.

Many women suffer all sorts of so called "female weaknesses" just because their kidneys are out of order and they have a right to know Foley's Kidney Cure is just what is needed by most ailing women. Clarke & Kenney.

Question Answered.

Yes August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers, and grandmothers, never thought of using anything else for indigestion or biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries. Oct-27-1900

To The Deaf.

A rich lady, cured of her deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums, may have them free. Address No. 4,572, The Nicholson Institute, 750 Eighth Ave., New York.

Poisonous toads tools resembling mushrooms have caused frequent deaths this year. Be sure to use only the genuine. Observe the same care when you ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. There are poisonous counterfeits. DeWitt's is the only original Witch Hazel Salve. It is a safe and certain cure for piles and all skin diseases. W. T. Brooks.

A Cold Night In Canada.

The sky at night is a deep dark blue, and the stars are like drooping balls of fire, so close they seem to be almost within reach. The northern lights look as if a titanic paint brush had been dipped in phosphorescent flame and drawn in great, bold strokes across the heavens.

As you pass the electric lamps you see very fine particles of snow caught up by the wind and glittering high in the air like diamonds. But it is a cold night, and you are not sorry to get into your room. First of all, you take a blanket or so from the bed, for there are people in Canada who sleep all the year round with only a sheet over them, to such a pitch of perfection have they brought the heating of their rooms.

After you have tucked yourself in the stillness of the night is broken occasionally by a report like a cannon. Have you ever been inside a bathing machine when a mischievous boy threw a stone at it? And, if so, do you remember how you jumped? When the walls of a wooden house crack in the bitter cold, the effect is similar, only magnified. But you know what it means here, so you only draw the clothes closer round you, thankful that you are snug and warm. And so good night.—Blackwood's.

We have a few tired buggy wheels for sale at six dollars per set. E. J. McElroy & Son.

To prevent consumption quickly cure lung troubles with One Minute Cough Cure. W. T. Brooks

If you are sick all over, and don't know just what ails you, it's ten to one your kidneys are out of order. Foley's Kidney Cure will bring you health and energy. Clark & Kenney.

HEYMAN'S!

New Fall Goods!

We respectfully ask the public to inspect our line of new Fall Dress Goods, our line consists of

Venetians, Homespuns, Corsets, Cashmeres, Jibelins, French Flannels.

Complete Stock of Waist Skirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Belts, &c.

Here are a few unexcelled values for a few days only:

Misses' Full Weight Union Suits usual value 35c, any size

25c

Yard wide Percale, usual value 8 1-3, at

5c

French Flannelets in newest Polkadot designs, the very thing for Wrappers and Dressing Sacques per yard

121-2c

On a count of holiday, our Store will be closed on Monday, Sept. 24th, and Wednesday, Oct. 3rd.

G. L. Heyman.

F. W. Shackleford,
Contractor and Builder.

PARIS, KY. P. O. Box, O.

SOME COOL READING!

Of course, the weather is hot, but we have a remedy for it.

For our men friends we have a line of light Flannel and Serge Suits and odd coats, straw hats, negligee shirts, duck trousers, thin underwear, etc.

For the ladies we have a fine line of organdies, lawns, dimities, muslins, shirt waists of every pattern, muslin lingerie, fans, parasols, all Summer goods of every description.

Just come in and see them.

TWIN BROS.

Skin Diseases

When the excretory organs fail to carry off the waste material from the system, there is an abnormal accumulation of effete matter which poisons and clogs the blood, and it becomes sour and acid. This poison is carried through the general circulation to all parts of the body, and upon reaching the skin surface there is a redness and eruption, and by certain peculiarities we recognize Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, Erysipelas and many other skin troubles, more or less severe. While the skin is the seat of irritation, the real disease is in the blood. Medicated lotions and powders may allay the itching and burning, but never cure, no matter how long and faithfully continued, and the condition is often aggravated and skin permanently injured by their use.

The disease is more than skin deep; the entire circulation is poisoned.

The many preparations of arsenic, mercury, potash, etc., not only do not cure skin diseases, but soon ruin the digestion and break down the constitution.

S. S. S., nature's own remedy, made of roots, herbs and barks, of great purifying and topical properties, quickly and effectively cures blood and skin troubles, because it goes direct to the root of the disease and stimulates and restores normal, healthy action to the different organs, cleanses and enriches the blood, and thus relieves the system of all poisonous secretions. S. S. S. cures permanently because it leaves none of the original poison to referment in the blood and cause a fresh attack.

Healthy blood is necessary to preserve that clear, smooth skin and beautiful complexion so much desired by all. S. S. S. can be relied upon to certainty to keep the blood in perfect order. It has been curing blood and skin diseases for half a century; no other medicine can show such a record.

S. S. S. contains no poisonous minerals—is purely vegetable and harmless. Our medical department is in charge of physicians of large experience in treating blood and skin diseases, who will take personal charge of your case and direction all who desire it. We offer a money-back guarantee. Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases will be sent free upon application.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

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Perfe Fall s
Vici :
G
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Ideal Patent Kid.

Hand Heavy
Exter Low